

Fate Meets Choice by Ky_Kun

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Crossdressing, Emo Mike Wheeler, Gay Sex, Gay Will Byers, Group Sex, High School, Homophobia, M/M, Multi, Polyamory, Rough Sex, Underage Drinking, Underage Drug Use

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Original Male Character(s), Will Byers

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler/Original Character(s)

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-07-19

Updated: 2018-07-19

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:14:26

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Rape/Non-Con, Underage

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,528

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Will Byers has always loved Mike Wheeler, but when a new kid joins their school, their already strange relationship becomes even stranger. The new kid catches Mike's eye, as the new kid falls head-over-heels for Will.

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Author's Note:

This is my first story written on AO3! Enjoy!

A New Face

The alarm was so sudden, Will shot up from the comfort of his soft pillows in a cold sweat, heaving and gasping for air. He looked around, eyes wide and puffy. Another nightmare, he thought to himself as he gathered his thoughts, reaching over and turning off his alarm. It was difficult for him to move his limbs for a few minutes, but he eventually pulled himself out of his bed. It was Monday, the first day of school after summer break, and the worst morning ever. Will loathed school with every fibre of his being, the only good part is that he can see Mike. After getting dressed and fixing his hair, he groggily made his way to the kitchen where Joyce was, like every morning, frantically searching for her car keys.

"Did you check the couch?" Will questioned with a small yawn. His mother stared at him for a brief moment, as if wondering where he suddenly appeared from. She then turned and briskly made her way into the living room to check the couch cushions. Sure enough, there they were, nestled safely between the arm of the couch and the far right cushion.

"Ah, gotcha!" She sighed victoriously. "Thank you, I love you, gotta go, bye!" She shouted as she rushed over to plant a small kiss on Will's head. Making her way to the door she paused for a moment and turned around. "Have a great first-day honey, if anything happens at all, just ca—" She was cut off by a light chuckle.

"I'll be fine mom. I promise." She gave him a bittersweet stare. As happy as she appeared to be on the outside, the events of the past years have taken a toll on her. She stepped outside and closed the door behind her. Will let out a small sigh as she left. He wasn't hungry enough for breakfast, so he waited until his mother pulled out

of the driveway so he could leave for school. He grabbed his bag, which he neatly packed the night before, and hopped on his bike.

As he got to the front of Hawkin's High School, he saw Mike pulling up in his old third-hand car. His hair was a dark mess of curls, as per usual, but they appeared somehow even messier that day as if he had rolled out of bed and did nothing to his hair. Will couldn't help but stare. Stepping out of the car, Mike looked beautiful in the early morning sunlight, he thought. His ivory skin plastered in freckles was practically glowing. The black, over-sized hoodie he was wearing hung loosely off of his thin frame, and his dark ripped jeans framed his ass-

No, Will thought. He couldn't be thinking like that. It was... it was wrong. Normal people don't think about their friend's asses, especially if they're both guys! He knew he was gay ever since he was little, but could never admit it, no matter how much people had already guessed. He was still deep in thought when a voice suddenly scattered the thick fog in his mind.

"Will? Earth to Byers!" Mike had a look of pure annoyance on his face as he waved his hand in front of Will. Suddenly snapping out of his daze, Will looked up at Mike and his lips fell apart in confusion.

"Huh? What? Oh..." He pursed his lips, looking down at the ground quickly before meeting the taller boy's gaze once more. "Sorry I... I was thinking."

"It's fine," Mike replied, his face softening into a neutral expression. "I tried calling you last night on the radio around 12:30 and you never answered... kind of a dick move."

"Oh god, you did? I'm so sorry I was, you know..." Will sighed. He couldn't tell Mike what he was *really* doing. *I was jerking off to the thought of you and I fooling around together.* Yeah right, that wouldn't sound crazy at all. He could already hear Mike grunting in disgust and yelling at him about how sick and twisted he is. "sleeping?" He finally replied. "It's a thing most people do. You should try it sometime. Instead of calling people on radios late at night."

"Haha, very funny Byers." Mike groaned. "You're a shit liar. If you

didn't wanna tell me what you were up to, you should have just said so." He rolled his brown, almost black, eyes. "I'm not mad, I was just curious what you were doing." Will sighed to this.

"Look can we just... I need to get to class Mike. I'm sorry." Ending the conversation abruptly, Will hurried away to the building, not wanting his life-long crush to see the blush tinting his face a bright pink.

The first three periods of the day went great. Will had Art, French, and Language Arts. He thoroughly enjoyed those courses, as they were typically very easy and required little to no effort. Lunch was his favourite time of the day, however, and like now, he got to sit with his friends and just talk. Well, they talked. Will was more of a listener. Sometimes he would join in on the conversation if it piqued his interest. Like now, he could hear them saying something about a new kid.

"What? What new kid?" Will blinked a few times, looking up from his sandwich to stare at the rest of the group.

"That one, over there." Lucas Sinclaire nodded his head towards somebody standing against the cafeteria wall. Will was very good at picking out certain traits to sketch them later. The girl had a heart-shaped face, high cheekbones, a small, delicate chin and a soft jawline. She had wide-set eyes that gave an illusion of innocence. Long, thick lashes covered her baby-blue eyes. Thin, soft angled brows hovered just above them. A small, almost elven nose accompanied by wide, full lips, slightly agape, much like Mike's. Russet coloured hair, styled into a wavy bob with side-swept bangs framed her face beautifully. She was petite with narrow shoulders and an elongated neck. Slender fingers. Graceful yet somehow hesitant body language, with an elegant posture. She had fair skin and almost looked too out of place as if she were too rich or classy for Hawkins. Will looked over to Mike to see if he could determine his reaction to this new face, and he was sorry he did.

"She's so... beautiful," Mike commented, doe-eyed, his mouth hung open as a small blush crept across his face. The party chuckled, minus Will and Jane who groaned loudly. Jane especially made sure her disgust was apparent. Ever since she and Mike had broken up, they had still hung out, but only with the rest of the party around. Will

had noticed Mike staring at other girls as soon as they had broken up, and he had begun to internally hate himself even more for liking his *definitely straight* best friend.

"She looks lonely, why don't we invite her to sit with us?" Dustin suggested, smiling cheekily and waving her over. Mike's eyes widened in fear, and both Will and Jane groaned once more. The girl took notice and paused for a moment, pointing at herself in confusion. After an affirmative nod from Dustin, she cautiously made her way over to the table. She looked down at the party, and they stared back up at her. After a short, awkward moment or two, Mike scooted over, offering her a place to sit beside him. The mysterious new kid beamed and happily sat down between Mike... and Will.

"H-Hey. I'm uh... I'm Mike, and this is the party. Dustin, Lucas, Jane, Max, and Will. We thought you uh... looked a bit lonely and we... you know, thought you might wanna sit with us?" He chuckled awkwardly as he spoke, the pink in his face becoming slightly redder. The girl nodded and chuckled.

"My name's Erin. It's nice to meet you all. I, well, I wasn't expecting this kind of hospitality from this school. People were giving me strange looks all day." Her voice was smooth and sweet as honey. Mike stared at her intently as she spoke, and Will didn't think he could stomach Mike's infatuation with this Erin any longer.

"Excuse me, I have to go to the bathroom. It was uh... nice meeting you Erin." Will excused himself, got up, and stormed out of the cafeteria towards the toilets. Erin stared in disbelief for a moment.

"Did I... offend him in some manner?" She asked sadly, staring at Will's now empty seat.

"N-No! Of course not." Mike interjected. "He's had a rough few years and probably just needs to cool off from something. It's fine, really!" The freckled boy smiled reassuringly at Erin. Just then, the bell rang and lunch was over. Mike had algebra next with Will and decided he would ask what happened then, seeing how he hated math and usually just talks to Will anyways. He gathered up his things and slung his backpack over his shoulder, smiling at Erin. "Maybe you'll sit with us again tomorrow?" He inquired.

"Sure," Erin replied, smiling.